

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1915

One Halfpenny.

ARMY BAKERS USE A SWORD TO "CROSS" THE BUNS.



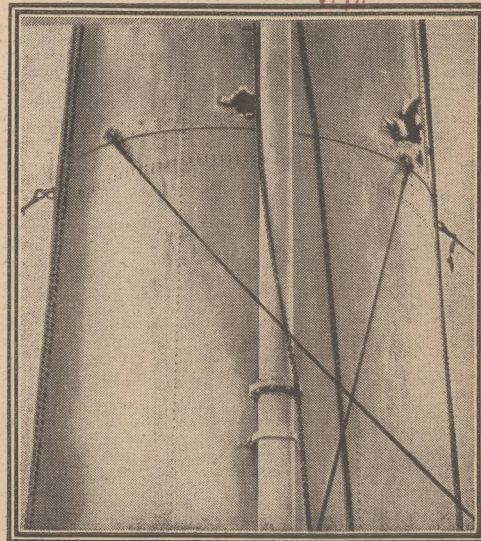
There will be plenty of hot cross buns for our soldiers at the front to-day. The picture shows an Army baker making the crosses with an old sword, which he has borrowed for the purpose. It was quite a good idea.

APING HIS MASTER: TURK WHO IMITATES THE KAISER.



Fah Kiddine Pasha, commander of the 12th Division of the Turkish Army, inspecting his Damascus regiment. He wears his moustache like the Kaiser, and imitates all the ways of the man who is dragging his country to ruin.

HOW THE LITTLE DOG WAS ROBBED OF VICTORY BY A TURKISH SHELL.



A tremendous tug-of-war was in progress between two dogs on one of the warships engaged in the operations in the Dardanelles. The little fellow was making a splendid show, despite his opponent's greater weight, when suddenly the enemy opened fire, put-

ting an abrupt stop to the sport. But they only made some small holes in the funnel and the coat of a petty officer, who had a miraculous escape. "It's better to be born lucky than rich" was all he said.

LORD KITCHENER FOLLOWS THE KING'S SPLENDID LEAD AND BANS ALCOHOL DURING THE WAR

NO ALCOHOL FOR
"K. OF K.'s" HOUSE.

Shipyard Workers Almost to Man
Refuse to Enter Public-houses.

TEA-ROOMS CROWDED.

The King's noble example to those whose war-work is being affected by over-indulgence in drink has been promptly followed by one of his Majesty's most distinguished subjects.

Lord Kitchener, "The Daily Mirror" has reason to believe, has given instructions that during the rest of the war alcoholic drink is not to be used in his household.

This prompt and most striking response to the King's appeal will, it is expected, be widely followed by rich and poor all over the kingdom.

The announcement of the King's splendid example was published in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*.

In a letter to Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Stamfordham, his Majesty's private secretary, intimated that the King, if it be deemed advisable, will be prepared to give up all alcoholic liquor and to stop its use in the Royal Household.

"He feels that nothing but the most vigorous measures will successfully cope with the grave situation now existing in our armament factories."

"We have before us the statements not merely of the employers but of the Admiralty and War Office officials regarding the supply of munitions of war, for the transport of troops, their food and ammunition."

"From this evidence it is without doubt largely due to drink that we are unable to secure the output of war material indispensable to meet the requirements of our Army in the field, and that there has been such serious delay in the conveyance of the necessary reinforcements and supplies to aid our gallant troops at the front."

"The continuance of such a state of things must inevitably result in the prolongation of the horrors and burdens of this terrible war."

In Glasgow the King's proposal to debar liquor from the Royal Household is greatly appreciated.

The shipyard workers, almost to a man, have refused to enter public-houses, and in restaurants and clubs little or no liquor is called for.

A remarkable sequel is that tea-rooms yesterday morning were crowded out.

The reformers declare that the King's action has solved the liquor question as with a stroke of the pen.

BREWERY TRADERS' ALARM.

The Allied Brewery Traders' Association has passed the following resolution:—

"That this meeting of the Allied Brewery Traders' Association, representing nearly 2,000 firms who supply materials and plant used in brewing, while recognizing that the safety of the country must come before the consideration of the livelihood of any section of the people, considers that in further restriction of the sales of alcoholic liquors which the Government may have in contemplation there could bear in mind the fact that in brewing the use of the national beverage is beneficial for those workers engaged in providing munitions of war, and to deprive them of it would be inimical to the country's interests."

"The members of this association are actuated by motives as patriotic as any section of the community, but they view with alarm the sacrifice of their businesses and the resulting unemployment, which in their belief would achieve no good result."

Mr. Arthur Valentin, chairman of the Association, pointed out yesterday that entirely outside the actual brewing and distilling trades, not less than £200,000,000 of capital and 1,000,000 workpeople are employed in the supply to brewers and distillers of the materials and plant used in the production and distribution of their products.

A MEMORABLE GOOD FRIDAY.

Good Friday of this memorable year of 1915 will probably go down as one of the most solemn in history. For the war will surely add a deeper note of solemnity to the religious observances of the day.

There will be the usual discourses on the Passion in all the churches; but probably the most impressive feature of the day will be the parish processions and mission services throughout London. Combined processions will be formed in some parts, hymns will be sung and brief addresses will be delivered at halts on the way.

At Westminster Cathedral Cardinal Bourne will preside at the solemn ceremonies of the day.

SEQUEL TO TREASURE HOUSE RAID

Police-court proceedings in the Chiswick treasure house case concluded at West London yesterday, when James Moss, muffin maker and furniture remover, of Little Sutton Court, Chiswick, was committed for trial on a charge of "receiving a quantity of silver goods, the property of his Majesty's subjects." Martin Wilson, a Camden Town furrier, was also committed on the charge of receiving a quantity of bronzes, the property of Miss Huggins, Kensington Park-gardens.

Evidence has been given by two men who are now serving terms of imprisonment for robberies, and who supplied particulars of robberies which they had committed. They alleged that they had taken stolen property to Moss and that he knew very well how it was obtained.

SMITH'S FIRST WIFE SOBS IN COURT.

Doctor in Dead Brides Case Tells of a Dazed Woman, and Undertaker Describes a 9s. 6d. Grave.

A pleasant-featured woman, wearing a neat dark blue costume and a hat trimmed with a wide black and white ribbon, who sat with some friends at the back of the court, was one of the chief centres of interest at the "brides-in-baths" case, which was resumed at Bow-street yesterday.

She was formerly Miss Caroline Thornhill, and she is said to have been the first wife of George Smith, who is charged with the murder of three "wives," each of whom was found dead in a bath. She has just arrived from Canada.

During yesterday's hearing Smith, who was wearing a brown lounge suit, made copious notes on a large pad he held on his knee. From time to time he handed them to his solicitor, Mr. W. P. Davies. He only made one interruption—during the evidence of Miss Blatch. "It is no use telling me to keep quiet," he said, in a loud voice to the constable beside him. He was again remanded until next Thursday.

There was a dramatic scene when Mrs. Thornhill was recalled and her evidence as to her daughter's marriage to Smith in 1898 was read over.

Counsel asked the daughter to stand up. She was seated behind the dock, and she rose slowly and stood for a moment by the side of Inspector Neal, who seemed to partially support her. Her lower lip quivered and she seemed on the point of bursting into tears. Smith did not once glance round. He looked rigidly in front.

"Is that your daughter?" Mr. Bodkin asked the witness, who replied "Yes."

Then the daughter sank back into her seat, giving expression to her pent-up feelings in a gasp and a sob.

FOUND BRUISE ON ELBOW.

Dr. S. H. Bates identified Smith as the man who came to his surgery on the evening of December 17. He said: "I have brought my wife to see you as she is complaining of a bad head. It came on after we got out at the tube station."

Mr. Bodkin: What did you find was the matter with her?—The woman was dazed and dull.

Dazed?—Yes, she did not give clear answers. Witness added that her temperature was between 100 and 101deg, and the pulse was quick.

Mr. Bodkin: Where was the pain you told us you discovered?—In the forehead.

Dr. Bates added that he gave the woman a sedative mixture. He heard nothing till the next evening, when Miss Blatch called him to 14, Bismarck-road. He found Mrs. Lloyd lying dead on the floor beside the bath.

"VERY EMOTIONAL."

Mr. Bodkin: Did the prisoner say anything in the bedroom?—He made no remark worth noting. He was very emotional.

At the Inquest the following Sunday witness made a post-mortem examination, when appearances indicated that death was due to asphyxia from drowning.

Mr. Bodkin: On the day of the exhumation of the body did you see the body that was exhumed?—Yes.

Was that the body of Mrs. Lloyd?—Yes. Mr. Davies (cross-examining): When the woman called did her temperature and pulse suggest influenza?—Or some sort of illness coming on.

When you saw the body in the bathroom were there any signs of a struggle?—I did not see any.

"The only external sign of violence," added Dr. Bates, "was some bruising in the region of the left elbow."

Mr. Davies: Might it have been caused by somebody lifting the body out of the bath and by coming into contact with a portion of the bath?—

Yes, supposing she were living. It was a bruise which occurred during life.

Miss Blatch, the landlady at 14, Bismarck-road, Highgate, in whose house Miss Lloyd died, continued her evidence. On the last occasion she told how she heard sounds of splashing in the bath and a sigh.

Counsel: What sort of demeanour had Mrs. Lloyd whilst in your house?—She seemed to be very cheerful.

Mr. Davies, cross-examining, suggested that it was not unusual for people seeking apartments to inquire if there were a bathroom. Witness agreed, and added that Mrs. Lloyd made the inquiry. She admitted there would be a certain amount of noise in the kitchen when she heard the sounds in the bathroom.

Mr. Davies: When you gave evidence at the inquest did you say anything about the sounds?—I did not.

Did you say at the inquest that when the deceased woman went upstairs after you told her the bath was ready the organ immediately began to be played?—I do not remember using the word "immediately."

Smith (who was making notes in the dock): Those are the very words she used.

MISS LOFTY'S £705 WILL.

Mr. Walter Schroder, the coroner for Central London, who held the inquest on the body of Miss Lofty, produced his notes.

Cecil A. Stredwick, a clerk, of Somerset House, produced a will signed "Margaret E. Lloyd."

The will was, he said, dated December 18, 1914, and the woman was described as the wife of John Lloyd, of 14, Bismarck-road, Highgate Hill. Probate of the will was granted on January 11, 1915, to John Lloyd as sole executor. It bore the name of "Walter P. Davies, solicitor, of 60, Bismarck-road," and the estate was sworn at £705.

Miss Emily Lofty, sister of Margaret Lofty, said she was shown at Kentish Town Police Station certain lady's clothing which she identified as having belong to the deceased.

Coroner F. Beckett, an undertaker, of Highgate Hill, stated that on the day of the funeral he asked Smith if he would like to see the body. He replied: "No."

MORE ANGRY OUTBURSTS.

After the funeral Smith paid the fee—£6 10s., which was the inclusive fee for coffin, funeral and grave.

The cost of what was known as a common grave in that cemetery was 9s. 6d., and from twelve to fifteen adults could be buried in such a grave.

Smith made another outburst from the dock, exclaiming: "More lies! You will get paid more when you get outside. Do you think I am going to sit here and listen to this?"

Frederick Beckett, a brother of the last witness, said he asked Smith if he wished to purchase a grave at a cost of £4 2s. 6d. He said that would be rather too much, and when witness told him that an ordinary interment would cost 9s. 6d. he said that would do.

Witness added that he quoted Smith a certain sum for the funeral. That, Smith said, was too much, and eventually they agreed upon a sum of £6 10s., to include the cost of interment.

"SOME MEN WOULD CRY."

Mrs. Marion Beckett recognised Smith as a man who called at the undertaking establishment on December 19 and said: "I have lost my wife. Suppose the inquest is finished to-morrow, can she be buried to-morrow?"

She told him that could not be done, and that two days' notice would have to be given to the cemetery authorities. He seemed very much surprised.

As he was turning to go away he said: "Some men would sit down and cry."

After a pause the witness added: "I think that is what he said." Turning to the man in the dock, she asked naively: "What was it you did say?"

"HAVE I FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?"

Make Sure of Your Copy of Easter Number of "Sunday Pictorial."

KAISER AS NAVAL SPY.

You have made arrangements for Easter holidays, long or short as they may be, and have no doubt asked yourself, "Have I forgotten anything?"

Among the matters that may have slipped your memory is the necessity of placing an order with your newsagent for the grand Easter number of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

If you should have forgotten this the time to remedy the mistake is now. For the Easter number of the *Sunday Pictorial* will be a wonder of journalistic achievement, eclipsing even the last issue of this splendid Sunday paper.

There will be many pages of exclusive and finely-printed pictures, column after column of the latest news, a series of most interesting public figures in the land, contributes a trenchant and suggestive article on "Easter Sunday, 1915."

"The Kaiser as a Naval Spy" is the subject of a deeply interesting article by Mr. Arnold White, who, it will be recalled, persistently forwarded the public of the German peril.

Mr. Boncomley, a series of most interesting public figures in the land, contributes a trenchant and suggestive article on "Easter Sunday, 1915."

One of the newest and most distinguished contributors to the *Sunday Pictorial* is Mr. W. L. George, the author of two brilliant books of character study.

WAR AND CHARACTER
Mr. George's subject is "Shall We Be More Serious?" and he deals with the effect of the war on national character.

It is a most thoughtful article and should be read and pondered by every man and woman in the land.

With such an array of reading matter, supplemented as it is by pages of spicy gossip and beautiful pictures, there is bound to be a record rush for Sunday's issue.

Whether you travel or whether you stay at home for your Easter holiday, the *Sunday Pictorial* is an indispensable companion. If you have forgotten to order a copy, give your order now, or you may be disappointed.

SHOT WOMAN MYSTERY.

Inquest Story of Officer's Wife Who Was Found Dead—Her Cheerful Disposition.

Great interest was shown yesterday in the resumed inquest, held at Islington, in regard to the death of Mrs. Annie Josephine Wootton, wife of Lieutenant Albert Wootton, of the 10th Bedfordshire Regiment.

Mrs. Wootton was found dead in her house, 114, Rotherfield-street, Islington, on March 23. It was at first believed that she had met with an accident, but a wound was found in the region of the heart, and a revolver bullet was subsequently extracted from the spine.

Two days ago a coroner's inquest, whose name was given as Alice Mary Wheatley, known also as Marie Lanteri, was arrested while serving behind the bar in the Gun public-house, Lupat-street, Philae.

Wheatley, dressed in a dark blue costume, with a black hat with large feathers, was in court in custody.

Mrs. Lily Dixon, wife of a Post Office sorter and sister of Mrs. Wootton, was recalled by the coroner. She lived in the same house as Mrs. Wootton, and said that on the night of March 23 she was called home from her father's house and was told by a friend, Mrs. Higson, that her sister had met with an accident and fallen downstairs.

The door was open when she reached the house, and her sister was lying dead on the floor.

In the kitchen she found a telegram on the mantelpiece, which read: "Dixon, 114, Rotherfield-street. Come at once.—Father."

She added that the telegram had been handed in at St John's-street, and was dispatched shortly after six o'clock.

In reply to the Coroner, witness said deceased had never suggested that she had any enemies, and she lived happily with her husband. She was of a cheerful disposition, and her father's sister knew she had gone there.

Her father lived only a quarter of an hour's ride from her house, and she had been at home at 6.30 and received a telegram she could have gone to her father's house and returned home by seven o'clock.

The inquest was adjourned.

AMERICAN EMBASSY NOTICE.

In consequence of the many communications addressed to the American Embassy regarding the Edward Page Easton, of 133, Salisbury-square, London, E.C., the American Ambassador wishes to make it clear that at no time has there existed any official connection whatever between the Embassy and Mr. Easton, and that the Embassy admits no responsibility for him.

Packed with Wonderful
PICTURES
SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Grand EASTER Number
OUT ON SUNDAY.

BRITISH AIRMEN'S MOONLIGHT RAID ON PIRATE SUBMARINE BASES

Bombs Dropped on Zebrugge and on German Works Near Antwerp.

FRENCH SHIP TORPEDOED IN CHANNEL.

Feared Loss of Nineteen Lives from Havre Vessel Sunk by Huns Off Beachy Head.

TWO MEN PICKED UP AT SEA BY A DESTROYER.

Another daring raid on the German pirates' bases for submarines has been made by British airmen.

Two pilots, the Admiralty announced last night, started in the moonlight and dropped four bombs each on the submarine base at Hoboken, near Antwerp, and on two submarines at Zebrugge.

The officers who made the raid are Flight Sub-Lieutenant Frank G. Andrea and Flight Lieutenant John P. Wilson, both of whom have returned safely.

Beachy Head has again been the scene of an attack by the submarine pirates.

A French steamer, this time, is the victim.

Without warning the sea Huns torpedoed the Havre steamer Emma, causing it to be feared, a loss of nineteen lives.

Two of the crew and two bodies were picked up in the Channel and landed yesterday at Dover.

EIGHT BOMBS DROPPED ON PIRATES.

British Pilots Return Safely After Raiding German Submarine Bases.

The story of the British air raid on Antwerp and Zebrugge is told in this statement, issued last night by the Secretary of the Admiralty:

The following report has been received from Wing-Commander A. M. Longmore, R.N.:—"I have to report that this (Thursday) morning Flight Sub-Lieutenant Frank G. Andrea carried out a successful air attack on the German submarines which are being constructed at Hoboken, near Antwerp, dropping four bombs.

"Also that Flight Lieutenant John T. Wilson, whilst reconnoitering over Zebrugge, observed two submarines lying alongside the mole and attacked them, dropping four bombs, with, it is believed, successful result.

"These officers started in the moonlight this (Thursday) morning. Both pilots returned safely."

TURKISH AIR FIGHT!

AMSTERDAM, March 31.—The following official communiqué from the Army Headquarters is published in Constantinople to-day:

"The Russian fleet, after bombarding Zungulak, Ereğli and Kozla, on the Black Sea coast, with 2,000 shells, without doing any important damage, disappeared in northerly direction. Several aeroplanes ascending from the Russian ships were driven back by the Turkish airmen.

"The situation in the Dardanelles and other theatres of war remains unchanged."—Reuter.

Sofia, March 31.—During the last few days the Turks have begun to concentrate troops at Adrianople and replace on the forts there the guns that they had sent to Boulair.

This step is interpreted here as a precautionary measure with a view to any eventual action by Bulgaria.—Reuter.

NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

Advices from Mytilene, says a Reuter Athens message, state that the authorities at Availi informed the Greek population that they could resume work in the fields, guaranteeing their safety. Those who, believing this, acted on it, have never been seen again.

U36 OR U28?

Discussing the identity of the German submarine which torpedoed the Falaba, Robert Primrose, a Glasgow engineer, who was rescued after three hours' exposure, states that although covered by fresh paint the number in black showed like a shadow under the light grey colour, and looked like "U 36."

Other men confirm this impression.

It has been said that when the U 28 attacked the Crown of Castle off the Scillies the pirates boasted to the crew that they (presumably the U 28) had sunk seven vessels in four days, and that these included the Falaba.

PIRATES TORPEDO SHIP OFF BEACHY HEAD.

Feared Loss of Nineteen of French Steamer Emma—No Warning Given.

Without warning the French steamer Emma, of Havre, has been torpedoed, it was reported yesterday, by a German submarine off Beachy Head.

The steamer Emma (1,617 tons), owned by Worms et Cie, of Havre, was on a voyage from Dunkirk to Bordeaux, in ballast. She is reported to have foundered immediately after the submarine attack.

Two of the crew landed at Dover yesterday, bringing ashore the bodies of two others. The remainder of the crew—seventeen in number—are reported drowned.

It is stated that the Emma was attacked about twelve miles from Beachy Head on Wednesday afternoon.

The periscope of a submarine was seen and the torpedo struck the Emma in the engine-room, causing immense damage.

Another French steamer was close by at the time, but apparently was afraid of being sunk and did not stop.

A destroyer rescued two men who had been in the water one and a half hours, and also recovered the two bodies landed at Dover. The two men were taken to the Sailors' Home.

CUT IN HALF BY CRUISER

A remarkable story is told by Mr. Percy Moore, of Gillingham, Kent, of the engineers of the mail steamer Highland Brae, who gives an account of the sinking of that ship by the German armed liner Kronprinz Wilhelm. The vessel was, he says, brought up by the cruiser firing a shot across her bows, and a prize crew was then put on board.

The officers and crew, numbering ninety-two, as well as fifty-one passengers, were ordered to transfer themselves to the Kronprinz Wilhelm.

Each evening they were compelled to go below at 6.30, and they were kept in darkness till seven o'clock next morning. The heat and bad atmosphere were unbearable.

The naval commander of the cruiser extracted a declaration from them that they would not take up arms against Germany during the present war.

The coal stores and all articles of value were, after a time, transferred to the cruiser, and then the Germans deliberately scuttled the Highland Brae.

Other prisoners of war on the cruiser proved to be the officers and crew of the s.s. Potomac, which was captured by the Kronprinz Wilhelm and eventually sunk.

They were later joined by the officers and crew of the British sailing ship Wilfred M, which the cruiser rammed and cut in half.

BALKANS TALK IT OVER.

PARIS, April 1.—The Balkan correspondent of the Petit Journal states that Bulgaria is continuing negotiations with the other Balkan States.

Greece, Rumania and Serbia are considering reciprocal concessions which would be approved by the Triple Entente, and an agreement is possible between Serbia and Bulgaria.

In spite of Austro-German diplomacy, the attitude of the Balkan States tends towards common action against Turkey.—Central News.

PARIS, April 1.—Interviewed by the Athens correspondent of the Petit Parisien, M. Venizelos said:

"My first offer of participation in the war was before the battle of the Marne, and my second at the moment of the first bombardment of the Dardanelles.

M. Zographos, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, stated to the same correspondent:—"Greece remains neutral for two reasons. Firstly, because of the Balkan danger; and, secondly, because of the Turkish menaces against the Greek inhabitants in Turkey in the event of our taking part in the war."—Exchange.

BLOWING UP GERMANS AT WORK ON MINES.

Foe's Listening Post Disappears in Explosion—Hurricane of Fire from Seventy-Fives.

PARIS, April 1.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

The mining warfare continues at numerous points. On the front before Dompiere, southwest of Peronne, we successfully exploded four mine-chambers.

Near the farm of Cholera, north of Berry-a-Bac, we exploded a branch mine at the moment when the enemy was working there, and followed it up with a hurricane fire from our 75's. A German listening post disappeared in the cavity caused by the explosion.

At Bois le Pretre the exact number of prisoners taken by us is 140, of whom three are officers. All the German counter-attacks have been repulsed.

The attack directed against our advance posts in the region of Farroy appears to have been conducted by a Landwehr battalion. It failed, with severe losses to the enemy.

The Belgian airmen on the night of the 30th bombarded the aviation camp of Handzame and the railway junction of Cortemarck.—Reuter.

FOE ADMIT FRENCH SUCCESS.

AMSTERDAM, April 1.—An official communiqué from the German Great Headquarters telegraphed from Berlin, says:—

We have occupied Cloister Hoek and a small vantage-point near Dixmude, capturing one officer and forty-four Belgian soldiers.

West of Pont-a-Mousson and around the Bois le Pretre the battle yesterday came to a standstill.

At some points the French penetrated our advanced trenches. Fighting continues to-day.

In an advanced post skirmish north-east and east of Laveville the French suffered severe losses.—Reuter.

COLONEL'S INGRATITUDE.

PARIS, April 1.—Colonel von Winterfeld, formerly German Military Attaché in Paris, who has been conducting in Spain a bureau which has been responsible for circulating lies and calumnies against the French, has left San Sebastian for Berlin.

While following the French grand manoeuvres Colonel von Winterfeld was terribly injured in a motor accident, and his life was saved by the French doctors who attended him at Grisolles.—Central News.

MYSTERY SHIP CAPTURED

Brought in by two torpedo-boats, a large cargo vessel, named the Lodewyk van Nassau, is at present lying in Newhaven Harbour under an armed guard.

The ship has her name painted in large white letters nearly six feet high on her side, and she is stated to have a cargo of linseed oil and other oils.

Her crew is composed mostly of Germans, and the captain was unable to produce his papers when asked.

AMSTERDAM, April 1.—My frontier correspondent telegraphs that an Englishman was arrested at Borken, Westphalia, during the night, whilst travelling to Holland in a goods train. He is suspected of espionage.—Central News.

LORD ROTHSCHILD BURIED TO-DAY.

The whole Jewish community, particularly in the East End of London, was yesterday mourning the loss of Lord Rothschild, and in City financial circles, where his death was felt as a personal loss, it formed the one topic of conversation.

It has been arranged that for friends and members of the public who wish to attend the funeral at the Jews' Cemetery, Willesden Green, to-day, the time shall be 12.45 p.m., three-quarters of an hour after the cortège with the relatives leaves the house in Piccadilly.

MINE UNDER RIVER TRAP FOR AUSTRIANS.

Dense Column of Foe Enticed to Attempt Crossing and Then Annihilated.

CARPATHIAN ONSLAUGHTS.

How Austrians were enticed to cross a mined river in South Poland and then blown up or captured is told in a stirring message from the Exchange Telegraph Company's correspondent at Petrograd.

It seems that the war in the eastern theatre has developed into a war of stratagems, in which the Russians are far cleverer than their foes.

In the Carpathians the struggle for the passes continues with tremendous energy on the part of the Russians. Vienna apparently expects an Austrian defeat, for a general is preparing the way for bad news by emphasising that the fortunes of war must inevitably vary.

DEATH BY FLOOD AND MINE

PETROGRAD, March 31.—The fighting in South Poland and in the Carpathians more and more the character of a competition in stratagems.

In the fight last week Russian engineers by mining a ford river foiled a well-planned Austrian attack and caused the enemy heavy loss.

Having heard from a prisoner that a fatal attack was possible where the river was shallowest, the Russians mined far under the river, and the Russian commander gave orders that his men should pretend to be surprised.

An outpost of the Austrian force was withdrawn, the Austrians being given the impression that their attempt to cross the stream was not observed. At dawn the Austrians in a dense column entered the water.

The Russians waited till the ford was crowded with men and until the first companies had landed on their bank, and then exploded the mine. A tremendous column of water, carrying upward dismembered human beings rose in the air. The Austrian force was annihilated and the companies of Austrians who had already got across surrendered.

In the outpost fighting, which alternates with heavy bombardments, at Osscec a non-commissioned officer saved, by his devotion, an important position.

A corporal named Yevdovieff was the only officer left alive in three companies. Before Yevdovieff found his way to the command the companies had lost half their strength.

UP TO KNEES IN MARSH.

They had to defend a timber causeway built by the Russians through a marsh, which connected two field positions outside the fortifications proper. The Germans poured in from machine guns and rifles a terrific fire.

The Russians were up to their knees in marsh mud and were unable to entrench. Men were falling fast. Yevdovieff, wounded in the arm, encouraged his soldiers to hold out. A breakwork was thrown up with the help of logs from the causeway. The Germans were now on three sides of the Russians, and only fifty men were left.

Under Yevdovieff's orders the men lay behind the logs and calmly picked off the enemy. The Germans advanced, pushing before themselves bullet-proof shields. They shouted to the Russians to surrender.

A second bullet, this time in Yevdovieff's shoulder, emphasised his demand. Yevdovieff encouraged his men to hold out. At dusk, as the advancing Germans were only 200 yards off, came relief.

Reserves charged the enemy in the flank and the Germans broke. Before the defenders of the causeway were rescued Yevdovieff had received a third wound, while of the thirty survivors ten were wounded.—Exchange.

PREPARED FOR BAD NEWS.

AMSTERDAM, April 1.—From the reports of German war correspondents at the Austrian Headquarters, it appears that the Russian offensive in the Carpathians is being carried on with tremendous energy.

It becomes more difficult every day for the Austrians to hold the passes.

General Bodorovic, the commander of the Austrian forces operating in the Carpathians, is apparently preparing public opinion in the Dual Monarchy for possible defeat in that quarter. According to the Pestihirlap (Budapest) he declared that on a front of over 500 miles it was inevitable that the fortunes of war should vary.

Disquieting events might occur at points, but it was not necessary to look pessimistically on that situation, and he hoped that public opinion would remain calm.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, March 31.—An obviously uncensored message to the Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant from Vienna says:—

The fall of Presnyol came as a thunderbolt to the people, who stood in long rows reading the fatal bulletin. Suppressed groans could be heard, and a sudden feeling of oppression seized everybody.—Reuter.



Tobacco for our troops arrives in France. "Tommy" is a great smoker, and will soon consume this consignment.

THE APRON DRESS.



Black and white costume with an apron-like effect. The hat is of white taffeta with black ospreys.— (Photographed by Pierre.)

WHAT WOULD CÆSAR HAVE THOUGHT?
45671

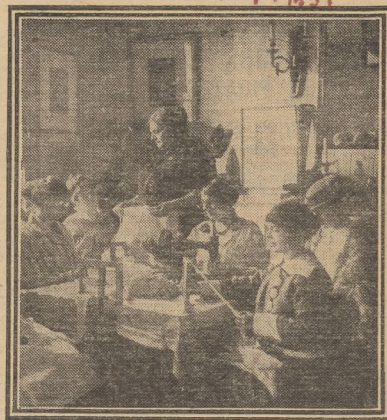
Big British gun passing along an old military road which was made by the Romans during their occupation of Britain. But what would Cæsar and his legions have done if the ancient Britons had had artillery like the present inhabitants of the island?

TO ACT IN A REVUE. 26119 0



Miss Irene Dillon, the pretty Australian comedienne, who is shortly to make her appearance in a West End revue.

MME. MARCHESI'S PUPILS. P. 1531



Mme. Blanche Marchesi, the famous singer, superintends her pupils' working party. They are making garments for the soldiers.

Grand
Easter
Number

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL
OUT ON SUNDAY

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1915

THIS EASTER—AND THE OTHERS

EASTER LAST YEAR passed, as now it nearly always does, in the immense bustle of "getting away for a few days," by means of car and train. The Easter traffic, the Easter "exodus," the excuse of Easter for kicking up the dust everywhere. . . . Possibly this year we may have a rather more contemplative Easter.

And perhaps, for many now anxious people, a more contemplative Easter may renew a little of the significance, and, so to put it, the enjoyment of the old fast and feast, long neglected in that imaginative sense of it recommended by poets and other religious men. We may conceivably see now what beauty there is in the symbolic alternations of death and life—darkness and discouragement preceding light of renewal. In no year lived by men upon earth has there ever perhaps been a greater need for hints of a coming recovery after desolation; a gleam upon waste places; sudden joy after weeping. It is the Easter of Death. We are in one of humanity's periodical purgations of what the poet names earth's "plethora of man." With Death everywhere about us, there was never before such need of the festival showing a sign beyond Death, and summoning men to image fruit sown in that blood now scattered over the world.

What use, what hope, what ultimate significance in all this scattering? What sense can there be in this "fining" of the "muddy wine of life," not by removal of its flecks and sediment, but by the incomprehensible process of destroying the best of the wine?

We drain with all our burthens of dishonour
Into the cleansing sands of the thirsty grave
—and with our honourable burdens, too!
"The good die first," and for many long years of further conflict in the setting right of the world, shall we wonder what good the dying of the good did in 1915. A Thing suddenly arose, monstrous, incredible—the madman and barbarian suddenly fell upon a world from within it—and to clutch at this steely barbarism and hurl it back was the world's task; and it left (as it must leave) the world stripped of its best. Truly, the fasting of this Easter has for once a sympathetic correspondence to the modern situation—and Easter Day will be harder than Good Friday to celebrate.

But there it is—waiting, very soon, for celebration—Easter as well as Good Friday. Even the searching people, who have within them no intimation of a final meaning in the mystery they face, must needs seize in 1915 upon the hope implied in the darkness of this April—the hope, old as humanity's watch upon the seasons, that "after night must come morning, joy after sorrow, after tempest great tranquillity." In this belief, a former Europe bravely perishes; and those who live on must take it, no less bravely, from dead hands.

W. M.

GOOD FRIDAY: 1915.

Every kiss thou dost inspire
Echoed
Back from windy vaulgates of death;
Yet thy clear warily above
Angurs the wings of death too must
Occult reverberations stir of love
Crescent and life incredible;
That even the kisses of the just
Go down not unresurrect to the dust.
Yes, not a kiss which I have given,
But shall triumph upon my lips in heaven,
Or cling a shameful fungus there in hell.
Know'st thou me not, O Sun? Yes, well
Thou know'st the ancient miracle
The children know of Zeu and May;
And still thou teachest them, O splendid Brother,
To incarnate, the antique way
The truth which is their heritage from their Sire
In sweet disguise of flesh from their sweet Mother.
—FANCY THORP.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

WAR AND THE BIRTH RATE.

A CORRESPONDENT demurs to the theory that high birth rates cause poverty, poverty creates unrest, unrest leads to strikes, riots or wars, and asks if "all the great wars of the past can be traced to this same source."

Probably they all could be, for it is often easy to see that international, racial and religious quarrels, and the ambitions of military geniuses, were merely the superficial explanations of why the masses were in a mood for war.

I am also asked to account for the fact that "Germany is the direct cause of this war," since I stated that its birth rate had been falling amazingly fast in the last few years.

The answer is that her birth rate had been

as it sees its country filling up and overflowing. Just like rats breeding in the restriction of a cage, the time may come when for lack of food and space a satisfactory existence will not be possible.
MELIORA.

"CONSOLATION."

NOTHING more sensible than your article entitled "Easter Consolation" has appeared in print for years. I have carefully preserved it. No doubt, as stated in the article, the hotels in this country will be more crowded than ever this Easter. The craze for all and sundry to choose the same day in, as a rule, one of the coldest weeks of the year to rush out of London and pay probably twice or three times as much for accommodation as would be necessary a fortnight later, is a form of disease which seems

SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF THEIR POORER RELATIVES!



The latest humiliation offered by Germany to Belgium is the billeting of a million German pigs on the impoverished population. Of course! Like runs to like, everywhere.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

very high, and that her militarists had long been making tremendous preparations for a campaign which would, as they openly said, provide the necessary room for it. But although the German had been educated and trained for this war, and had endured an almost ruinous expenditure of time and money, it can hardly be doubted that a few more years of the rapidly falling birth rate would have seen a friendliness arising towards Britain and the other low birth rate countries of Western Europe—and such as we may expect to see arising after the peace settlement is over.
B. M. A.

THAT a great popular journal should open its columns to discussion of the population question is a hopeful sign of the times, and upon its courage I congratulate *The Daily Mirror*. That wars, past and present, may usually be traced to pressure of population is dawning with increasing clearness upon those amongst us who think, together with the conviction that, had Germany since 1871 been a nation of families of but two children she would have been at peace to-day.

Pride is the mainspring of militarism, which cannot develop dangerously in the absence of a superabundant population, obsessed with fear

incurable. I have spent many Christmases at Weymouth, Hastings and elsewhere in delightful weather, but I would sooner pay £50 to any charity than be compelled to visit any of these places at this season. No doubt this year it will snow merrily as on many previous occasions, while September and October on the coast are usually delightful months. The railway companies have rendered good service to all but the doctors. These last autumn were complaining of no illness, which I attributed to the fact that so many had failed to go away as usual in the summer.
HOME.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We see human heroism broken into units and say, this unit did little—might as well not have been. But in this way we might break up a great army into units; in this way we might break the sunlight into fragments, and think that this and the other might be cheaply parted with. Let us rather raise a monument to the soldiers whose brave hearts only kept the ranks unbroken, and met death—a monument to the faithful who were not famous, and who are precious as the continuity of the sunbeams is precious, though some of them fall unseen and on barrenness.—George Eliot.

EASTER IN WAR.

The Meaning of "Love Your Enemies" in the Midst of the Struggle.

MAGNANIMITY.

WE ARE commanded by Christ to love our enemies, but we are not told to love them more than our friends.

The problem before us is to treat our enemies, when we have conquered them, with the greatest magnanimity of which we are capable, without losing sight of our duty to the weak and innocent whom our enemies have so foully wronged.
ARTHUR S. WILSHIRE.

THE text "Love Your Enemies" was given, not to a nation or nations, but to a few individuals who comprised the first Christian Church. Similar injunctions were given, as are quoted by "W. M." in his leader: "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also," "Do good to them that hate you," etc. Those to whom these injunctions were given were expressly commanded to abstain from carnal warfare. "My kingdom is not of this world," said Jesus. "I will not fight," said the Apostle Paul also: "Do violence to no man." Thus true Christianity is defined, and only those who adhere strictly to these and other commands of our Lord can in truth lay claim to that title. Witness the battlefields of Europe to-day, drenched with the blood of many slain; in this all Christianity can boast of after an experience of nearly 2,000 years! S.

NEAR THE END.

WITH reference to your article, upon the war and Christian ideals, may I suggest that the anticipation of the imminence of what you term the "great catastrophe," but which those who expected looked upon as the great deliverance, is the only logical Christian attitude in any and every age; and that to the failure of organised Christianity to appreciate and act upon this primary doctrine of the Church is attributable the disasters to our own and previous compromises with Christianity!

As the measurement of time must cease with death, this attitude of the early Christians would appear to be not such a mistake as modernists suggest.
J. P.

KNAVE OF CLUBS.

IN READING "The Memories of Dean Hole," I have been struck by his reference to a piece of advice given by Luther, presumably before the great reformer's "conversion," but which seems to appeal with greater force to the people of the "Fatherland" than any of his later teaching.

In the chapter on "Gardeners," referring to the tricks which exhibitors at horticultural shows are occasionally guilty of, Dean Hole remarks: "Sometimes, very rarely, you will meet with the thorough scamp, the knave of spades, who has taken up this words for his motto, 'Pecca fortiter' (Win anyhow)."

Unfortunately, in the German Army the knave of clubs, inspired by the same utterance, is the predominant type. Whether it win in this mad, profitless war or not, the German nation is certainly losing its soul—all that that word connotes. This is becoming clear even to a few of those of their own people, hitherto blinded by the glamour of Prussian triumphs and past victories.
F.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 1.—Lavender is found in most gardens, but this beautiful shrub deserves to be more widely cultivated. A lavender hedge is a delightful feature and the grey foliage makes a charming background to red roses; therefore, let lavender be often seen in the rose garden. Lavender does well in ordinary soil, but one that is fairly light suits it best. The bushes may now be planted, and it is wise to cut them back after flowering if they are to be kept from becoming straggly. Cuttings can be inserted in sandy soil during the late summer. E. F. T.

OFFICER ESCAPES WITH HIS CAMERA. 9.11.909

German soldiers in Poland guarding the wreckage of a bridge which they destroyed in order to hamper the advance of our Allies. It spanned the Vistula. The picture was taken by a Russian officer who had been taken prisoner, but who succeeded in making his escape on the following day.

"BAR" FOR FRENCH 9.11.912 A

Germany treats her prisoners well unless they happen to be in military stores, where the men are allowed to buy delicacies at sums of money.

TO HELP SERBIANS. P. 1920

Mrs. Dearmer, wife of the Rev. Dr. Dearmer, of Primrose Hill. Both are going to Serbia with the Red Cross.

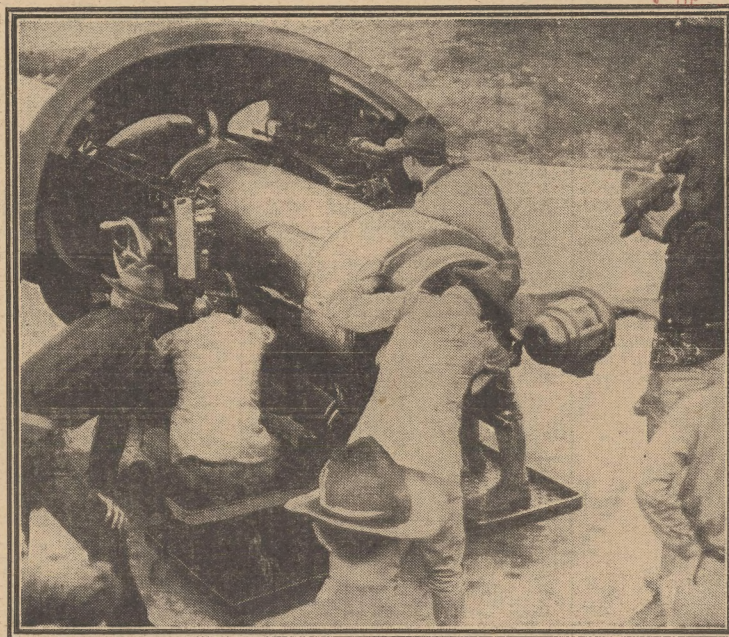
THE WORK



MEDALS FOR BANDSMEN.



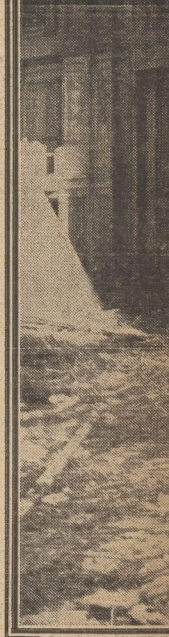
Bandsmen G. Mullinger and A. W. Sharpe (bare-headed), both of the 2nd Norfolks, who are to receive the Distinguished Conduct Medal. They showed great bravery at Busra.

BIG GUNS FOR THE PANAMA CANAL. 9.9.17

Both entrances to the Panama Canal, which, by the way, runs north and south and not east and west, are strongly fortified. This is one of the big weapons made for the purpose. They are said to be the largest coast defence guns in the world.

PRESIDENT AND BOMB VICTIMS. P. 9408 B

President Poincaré leaving the hospital in Paris, where he consoled with the civilians injured in the recent Zeppelin raid.



A sacred image torn from Hun. In many cases, it has been small.

FRONTIERS IN GERMANY.



Picture was taken at Zussen, and shows the canteen of the French. They are all French, and receive considerable business from the Germans.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CROSS THE VISTULA.



Though the Germans, as shown on the opposite page, have been busy destroying the bridges across the Vistula, they have been unable to prevent the Russians from getting troops across the river. Here a number of soldiers, with field kitchens, are setting out for the opposite bank.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

HUNS INJURED AT FRONT.



Mr. J. A. de Rothschild, who has been injured in a motor-car accident. He has been a dispatch bearer.

RAGS AS FUEL FOR BERLIN'S FURNACES.



Berlin is economising in various ways, the British Navy having made it imperative to do so. For instance, the rag-and-bone men can find a good market for their wares at the municipal furnaces, the municipality being now very sparing in its use of coal.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.



Captain E. Gore-Browne, of the Post Office Rifles, who has been wounded.—(Langfrier.)



Lord Carlisle, appointed a sub-lieutenant to H.M.S. Fairy.—(Lafayette.)

THE SHIP'S BARBER AT WORK.



The sailor is proverbially a handy-man, but there is one thing he cannot do for himself. He cannot cut his own hair.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Kaiser as a Naval Spy.

One of the many interesting articles you will read in Number 4 of the *Sunday Pictorial* on Sunday is entitled "The Kaiser as a Naval Spy." Mr. Arnold White has written the article, and Mr. White has been a student both of naval affairs and the German espionage system for many years, and he knows his subject thoroughly. His is a most vivid article.

Mr. W. L. George's Article.

Another good thing in the *Sunday Pictorial* that I was allowed to look through yesterday is Mr. W. L. George's article, "Shall We Be More Serious?" It deals with the effect of



Mr. W. L. George.

war upon the national character. Mr. George's writings have a particular interest just now, for he is a man of dual nationality. He is undoubtedly an Entente Cordiale subject, for he is part French and part English. The dedication of that wonderful book of his, "The Making of an Englishman," which made such a sensation at the beginning of last year, read thus:—"To the small French boy who in 1894 first called me John Bull, and to the young Englishman who in 1902 first addressed me as Froggy, I dedicate this book."

"Easter Sunday, 1915."

Mr. Bottomley's article is a fine one. "Easter Sunday, 1915," is his subject, and Mr. Austin Harrison is writing "The Truth About British Prisoners in Germany." And there will be, as usual, pages of fine pictures, all the news, and the other fine features that have won such popularity for the new Sunday paper.

It Won't Matter if It Does Rain.

I venture an opinion that even if it rain on Sunday, with the *Sunday Pictorial* you may have a bright Easter day, so be wise and order No. 4 now.

"Hot-Air" Experts.

Baron von Kuhlman, I see, is now the German Ambassador at The Hague. The Baron is the Kaiser's Press agent, and I'm told his assistant will be Dr. Hans Plehn, of the Wolff Bureau. The Kaiser could not have a better brace of what an American friend calls "hot-air merchants" to support him.

Didn't Get Out in Time.

Before the war I used to see Dr. Plehn frequently in a Regent-street café noted for its German beers. The doctor is a sturdy man, as the two detectives who searched him and his rooms after the outbreak of war discovered. The doctor was quite forebore in his objections. I suspect Herr Wolff neglected to notify Herr Plehn to clear out of London in time.

"Shine, Sir?"

I always think there is something peculiarly annoying about the way the average boot-black eyes one's boots. Be they ever so shiny, he suggests always, in his glance and his "Shine, sir?" that really you ought not to go about with such disgracefully dirty "foot-wear," as the advertisements put it.

Beaten.

But yesterday I saw a bootblack beaten, and I rejoiced. A Belgian soldier, who looked as though he had lived in the trenches for months, and had an excessively muddy time at that, approached a shoeblack near Trafalgar-square with his really dreadful boots, and, after a momentary hesitation, cheerfully planked one foot down on the little bootstand. I have never seen an expression on any human being's face such as there was on that bootblack's.

Force of Habit.

You will get a very fair illustration of the force of habit if you stand for five minutes at the corner of Parliament-street and watch the number of people who take out their watches to correct them by Big Ben, who is now being spring cleaned and out of work. In five minutes yesterday I saw ten examples, to say nothing of twenty or thirty people who glanced upwards to see the time.

Borrowing a Theatre.

I hear that the King and the Queen are going to see the spy play, "The Man Who Stayed at Home." There is to be a special matinee of this in aid of the Officers' Families Fund, and since the management does not think the little Royalty Theatre is big enough they have borrowed the Palace from Mr. Butt.

Real Good Melodrama.

I found the full-bodied flavour of old-fashioned melodrama in "A Royal Divorce," at the Lyceum, the other night, not at all distasteful.

Well Trained Mob.

Miss Ethel Warwick showed great self-restraint in her acting of the divorced Empress Josephine. Mr. Frank Lister's make-up as Napoleon was startlingly realistic. I liked Mr. S. Major-Jones as the stout British Admiral Lord Keith. The Lyceum's stage mobs are as noisy and well trained as they were in Irving's day.

"Spoonfuls" or "Spoonsfull"?

That new farce with the cryptic name "Three Spoonfuls," which I mentioned yesterday, has one of its authors playing a leading part. He is Mr. Zillah Covington, and he is playing the part of a doctor who believes he has discovered the elixir of life. "Three Spoonfuls"—or should it be "Three Spoonsful"?—is, I shrewdly suspect, the dose.

Newcomers.

The Criterion's new farce is going to introduce some new players to London. As well as Miss Rose Wilber, I see the names of Miss Isabelle Winlock, Miss Norah Lamison and



Miss Norah Lamison.

Miss Sara Biala in the cast. My American friends tell me we shall like them. By the way, the farce is to have a trial run at Eastbourne next week.

Really a Gaiety Girl.

I asked the other day how many of us remembered Miss Constance Collier in the chorus of "Don Juan" at the Gaiety in 1893. A Bath correspondent writes:—"I do. I was at her birthday party during the run of the play, and she really was a Gaiety girl, which is more than you could say for all the chorus ladies of those days. Little Constance Collier was just fourteen."

A Telephone Hero.

I don't know how many telephone subscribers there are in the country, but be they five million, then five million wishes of good luck must go out to Mr. J. H. Montague, the X-ray expert, who is going to prison for seven days rather than pay a telephone bill for charges which he disputes.

"Number Doesn't Exist."

Our amazing telephone system is forever surpassing itself. A couple of days ago it tried a new trick on me. Exchange informed me blandly that no such number as the one I asked for existed. Then I pointed out that it was in the directory, and that only a few minutes before I had received a message telephoned from that house.

One Consolation.

Well, I did a lot of ringing up before I got that number. It took just thirty-five minutes from beginning to end, fifteen of which were occupied in the Controller's office "doing its best" to get it for me. So altogether somehow I envy Mr. Montague. At least there will be no telephone in his prison cell.

Lady Galway's Hospital.

Remembering how useful Lady Galway's military hospital at Serlby Hall has proved, it seems a pity, in view of the urgent need for accommodation for the wounded which may soon arise, that other great ladies did not follow her example.



Lady Galway.

that she did not want to be an alarmist, but she believed there would be war with a great European nation; therefore she thought it their duty to prepare in time of peace for what might happen in time of war.

The "Stormy Petrel."

The worst she anticipated—an invasion of the country—has not come; but in preparing for contingencies Lady Galway proved wiser than most of her generation. It is interesting to note that Lord Galway was once a prophet of misfortune, having been known when in the Commons as the "Stormy Petrel." But, at the same time, anything he had to say was characterised by sound commonsense.

What the Ghetto Said.

Lord Rothschild's death profoundly affected the Ghetto. Touching references were made at the various synagogues on Wednesday night and yesterday, and it was almost pathetic to see the earnestness with which hundreds of men said the prayer for mourners in memory of the late head of the community, a Jewish friend tells me.

Do Not Send Flowers.

A member of the family has asked me to point out that it is particularly requested no flowers be sent. The reason is that Jews are not allowed to have any funeral trappings of any sort. Rich and poor are buried alike—in a plain elm coffin, across which a black cloth is thrown. Jewish mourning lasts one year.

A Modest Member.

I will remember the new Lord Rothschild when as plain Mr. Walter Rothschild he sat in the Commons as member for the Aylesbury Division of Bucks. He was one of the most unobtrusive and retiring men ever sent to Westminster. Most regular in his attendance, you would always find him in an obscure and distant seat on a bench below the gangway, content to listen with Sphinx-like countenance to the words of other men.

Zoological Debate.

I remember one extremely clever speech of his. It was one of the very, very few he made in the House of Commons. The debate took a turn in the realm of zoology, and Mr. Rothschild, suddenly intervening, strangely fascinated the House with one of the most arresting speeches I have ever heard at Westminster.

His Private Zoo.

Mr. Rothschild is a great authority on zoology. It is his pet study, and he has written countless articles on that subject. He has, by the way, a most interesting private zoo at Tring Park.

Straw Top Hats.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable things Mr. Rothschild ever did at Westminster was to introduce a new form of top hat. It was made of dark brown straw. Cool and comfortable as it looked in hot weather, however, no member of the House was ever bold enough to follow Mr. Rothschild's lead in this unique form of headgear.

Slow, but Distinct.

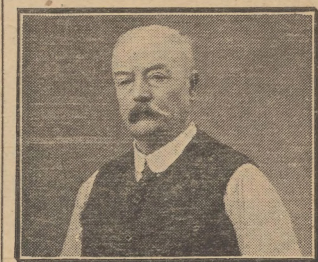
I think Lord Rothschild is the slowest speaker I ever heard. Yet he speaks so correctly and with such a fund of knowledge, that he holds your undivided attention from beginning to end. His departure from the House at the end of the last Parliament was universally regretted. THE RAMBLER.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

ADMIRALTY TRIBUTE TO A BRITISH INVENTION.

The horrible outrage of which the passengers and crew of the *Palaba* were the victims has called widespread attention to the importance of life-saving appliances. It is essential that in order to be successful any article of the kind should be easily available. In this connection the Riordan Life-Saving Waistcoat is widely and favourably spoken of, more especially since the Admiralty has ordered it for use by men in our Navy.

Worn as an ordinary garment, this ingenious waistcoat is scientifically made so that its buoyant properties are exactly placed to keep the



The Riordan life-saving waistcoat, worn as an ordinary garment.

wearer upright in the water, with the head and shoulders free from immersion. The makers guarantee that no person can sink while wearing it. If the wearer falls or jumps into the sea head downwards, it automatically brings him above water. The waistcoat is quilted with sufficient of the finest Java kapok—a material five times lighter than cork—to keep the body upright in the water for days if necessary. It is soft, warm and comfortable to wear, and it is claimed that sea sickness, which is largely due to cold, is prevented by wearing it. It is being turned out in great number by Messrs. Riordan and Co., a well-known firm of Government contractors, of 20, Lawrence-lane, E.C., and it is made up for men in navy blue cloth, and for women in sage blue cloth, both at 14s., carriage free.—*Daily Graphic*, March 31st.

SAVED BY FAREWELL GIFT.

A lady at Harrow writes to say last Saturday she bid farewell to her brother-in-law, who sailed from Liverpool in the *Palaba*, and on parting gave him a Life-Saving Waistcoat. On Monday he telegraphed her from Milford Haven: "*Palaba* torpedoed; am safe; entirely due to your jacket."—*Vide Daily Mail*, March 31st.—(Adv't.)

GLISTENING, PEARLY, POLISHED TEETH

will be yours if you use TALOTA Tooth Polish—made under Royal Letters Patent—the only dentifrice which leaves the teeth POLISHED as well as cleansed. Delightful in use, delicate in flavour, and a perfect dentifrice. You can buy TALOTA from your chemist—price 6d.—or send 6d. P.O. direct to the Patentees and Manufacturers, TALOTA, Ltd., 142, High St., WALTHAMSTOW.

SPRING CLEAN your Furniture, Floors and Linoleum with RONUK

—the Sanitary Polish

Sold Everywhere. In tins, 8d., 6d., 1s. & 2s.

HOUSES TO LET.

FREE to Rentpayers.—The current number of an Illustrated Almanac will be sent post free on application to those who would like to know how to use their rent to buy their houses.—Write, mentioning "Daily Mirror," to The Editor, "Home," 3, Brinsford-st., London, E.C.

GARDENING.

DOBIE and Co., Royal Seedmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1915 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening 208 pages, over 200 illustrations, free, if "Daily Mirror" is mentioned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW Territorial Service Pattern 256 calibre rifle is illustrated and described in "The Rifleman." One Penny. All Newsagents, 10, Imperial Arcade, E.C. CORNERS Destroyed in 5 days by Neetham's Corn Silk, 7d. Neetham's, 297, Euston-road, London, W. DRUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly, cost trifling; free. —Carlton Chemical Co., 522, Birmingham.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war. What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dicing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl who is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot but hear and recognise the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and heiress with £20,000 a year to marry him."

"He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken to the core, believing of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. She says happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard is staggered, but when he goes to Sonia sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but he finds his way back to his old life. Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as he can. He explains that he is not to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Inadvertently Montague lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard has enlisted. A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxi-cab. The man turns his head and looks at Sonia—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight away in the trenches, but not badly. He is going out again as soon as he can.

Montague also sees Chatterton with the pretty nurse walking in the park, and he at once tells Sonia sneeringly. Montague tells her that he will marry her, but she tells Montague that she will marry him when ever he likes.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she knows the truth. The next day she nearly runs into Chatterton. He tells her, but does not listen. It is brought more and more home to Sonia how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

"Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling at a nurse—and as the train moves out she faints.

The nurse helps to get Sonia back to the hotel, where she has a slight collapse. Afterwards, Sonia meets the nurse.

BACK TO THE FRONT.

TO Richard Chatterton, steaming slowly out of London in the crowded troop train, the whole scene of bustle and farewell at Waterloo had seemed like a dream.

At the last everything had been so rushed and hurried; the few hours' notice of departure, the race round London to say good-bye to those of his friends who still cared to hear of his welfare, had blunted the edge of departure and given him no time for serious thought. But at that last moment, turning at the platform barrier to smile a last good-bye to little Nurse Anderson, the tragedy of it all had struck him with full force.

He was going—really going back to those scenes of horror and death; this might be the last time he ever trod English soil, this might be his last glimpse of London. Life, which a few short weeks had stretched before him so full of hope and promise, might end now in a few days—even a few hours—in an unknown and unmourned grave.

Little Nurse Anderson, brushing the tears from her eyes, looked at him with a smile. He was the very last, saw the sudden fading of his determinedly cheery smile—saw a sort of forlorn hesitancy in his whole bearing before, with an

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

obvious effort, he squared his shoulders and turned away.

What had his thoughts been in that moment, she wondered; had he perhaps at the very last realised after all that he was leaving all that a man holds most dear—home and friends and country—had he even perhaps discovered that she was something more to him than just a little friend who had helped pass some dull hours?

She would have been true to the soul could she have known that Chatterton's thoughts were something very different; that he was thinking with a sort of horror of his world that had turned upside down during these past fearful weeks.

Why was he going away like this without a word of farewell from the one he loved most in all the world?—why was he hesitating here at the last moment of all, to smile back at a stranger woman for whom he cared nothing?

Sonia—why was she not here? Why had her not been the last eyes to smile a brave good-bye to him? Her voice the last to whisper a broken "God speed!"

He would have surely turned upside down since that afternoon when he fell asleep in the club and heard the words that had changed the whole current of his life. . . .

He was going back to France—back to those awful trenches where every day hundreds of gallant lives were being cut down by the sickle of death; where the flower of England's manhood was facing the horrors of mutilation and suffering for the sake of a few acres of land.

Last night—the very last moment of all—he had stood outside the hotel where he knew Lady Merriam and Sonia were staying, and looked up at the many lighted windows.

Why, then, was Sonia's? He had wondered with a desperate heart-sickness, and did she ever think of him—ever think of the days gone for ever—ever feel even the smallest pang of regret?

He had grown to despise him, and rightly, and yet—something in his heart craved fiercely for another chance—for another chance in which to prove to her that he was not the slacker and laggard she had thought him; not the headless ne'er-do-well, content to stay at home and philosophise from an armchair while his fellow men were giving their lives with cheery willingness.

One—had in his teens—was trying to scribble something on a picture postcard with an old stump of pencil, but the jolting of the train jerked his arm and made it almost impossible for an indifferent writer to pen any words.

He looked up with a little exclamation of annoyance and met Chatterton's friendly gaze.

"She couldn't come and see me off, so I thought I'd send her a card," he explained, taking it for granted that Chatterton knew to whom he referred.

"Your mother?"

"Yes, she's getting old now, poor old soul."

A burst of noisy laughter put an end to the conversation; one man—a snub-nosed, twinkling-eyed youngster—had let down the carriage window and was calling to a mate in the next compartment. . . .

"Are you there, Snuffy?"

The answer was carried away by the wind and speed of the train; the man drew back into the carriage again.

"He wants to know if we're right for Berlin," he informed his companions with a wink. "Not 'all, eh?"

A roar of laughter followed; someone started a snatch of song, which was taken up hilariously; it was an old song that had been at the height of its popularity at the time of the South African War, but its tune was catchy, and the sentimental words suited the occasion as well as any other:—

"Good-bye my Bluebell—farewell to you— One long look into your eyes of blue. . . ."

The song proved popular—soon all in the carriage were roaring it at the top of powerful lungs.

Chatterton leaned back in his corner and, pulling his cap over his eyes, feigned sleep.

He was in no mood to join this cheerful rowdiness; he liked the men well enough; some of them had been out in France with him before, and he knew them all for jolly good fellows; but just now he was heart-sick and down on his luck, and felt like a sick dog who wants to crawl away into a corner and hide.

They let him alone; perhaps deep down in their hearts they knew and sympathised with what he was feeling; it was purely a difference in temperament that made them shout and sing to cover their own emotions. . . .

The train thundered on into the night, with every forward rush carrying them further from London and nearer to that loneliness where, perhaps, a soldier's grave awaited many of them.

After all, what did it matter if he never came back? Chatterton thought; better for him to be killed than a man with a wife left behind at home breaking her heart, a man with perhaps children—perhaps with a little son who followed the story of the war with proprietary pride because "Daddy" was fighting.

It would matter so little to anyone if a stray bullet settled his account once and for all, Old Jardine would feel it, no doubt, and little Nurse Anderson—bless her kind heart—but for the

rest, well, his creditors would fight for what they could save from the wreck of his fortune, and the days would pass by and he would be forgotten. He had never believed it possible that he could come to this—he who had had so many friends, so many ambitions. Was he indeed the Richard Chatterton who had been so sought after and fêted—he, this lonely soldier, going back to face an unknown future?

CHATTERTON HEARS SOMETHING.

THERE was something a little humorous in the knowledge that life had changed so much for him. After all, one never knew what a day would bring forth.

But he was doing his duty—there was a grain of comfort in that thought. He was giving what he had for his country. . . . but the momentary glow of comfort was short-lived. His thoughts went back to Sonia again with sick longing.

If he could only just have spoken to her once. If he could only have had one kind word from her to remember if they never met again. . . .

When they parted he had wondered how he could get through all the years of his life without her; but now, somehow, the time seemed all too short in which to seek for a chance to re-establish himself in her eyes.

Perhaps the number of his days was already told. . . . he was no coward, but he felt as if a cold hand had clutched his heart.

He did not fear death, but it struck him to the soul to know that perhaps he might have to go out without having said good-bye to the woman he loved.

She had looked so sweet and desirable that afternoon when he last saw her as she stood waiting for the omnibus. For a long time after he and Nurse Anderson had walked away he could not steady himself sufficiently to speak, could not calm the riotous beating of his heart.

A great sigh broke from him. He pushed back his cap and looked down the carriage.

It was stuffy and smoky now. The men were all puffing cigarettes that had been showered on them by patriotic enthusiasts at Waterloo. Chatterton let down the carriage window a little

impatiently and stared out into the flying darkness.

There were fewer lights dotting the countryside now. Streets and houses were slipping away; meadows and dark belts of trees stretched from the railway for miles. Chatterton drew a deep breath. . . .

It was England still—England that he loved—but the miles were slipping away so fast. . . . At his back someone had asked an absurd riddle. "What did the earwig say when it fell off the wall?"

Unconsciously he found himself listening to the absurdity. It seemed impossible that men who could laugh and jest as these were doing could really be going out to scenes of carnage and bloodshed. An onlooker would have thought them light-hearted boys on their way to a holiday. He looked back at them across his shoulder. . . .

"What did the earwig say when it fell off the wall?"

A string of preposterous guesses were fired at the questioner from all sides; each was greeted with a fresh roar of laughter.

In spite of himself, Chatterton laughed with them.

"What did the earwig say?" he inquired interestedly.

Everyone looked towards him. . . .

"Thought you were asleep, old man. . . . Have a cig?"

Chatterton took one; after all, what was the use of keeping aloof and brooding over what might have been?

If only a few days of life were left to him, far better make the most of them and die game.

He tried to join in with their chaffing and laughter, but it was a tremendous effort. . . .

"Sonia—Sonia. . . ."

Her name through his mind like running music; like a haunting tune which one has heard and cannot forget.

Perhaps soon old Jardine would take her that last letter of his. . . . perhaps soon—he tried to shake off the morbid trend of thought. . . . tried to force himself to listen to a story one of his companions was relating; a lively story of a skirmish in South Africa. . . . he caught up the thread and tried to concentrate his attention. . . .

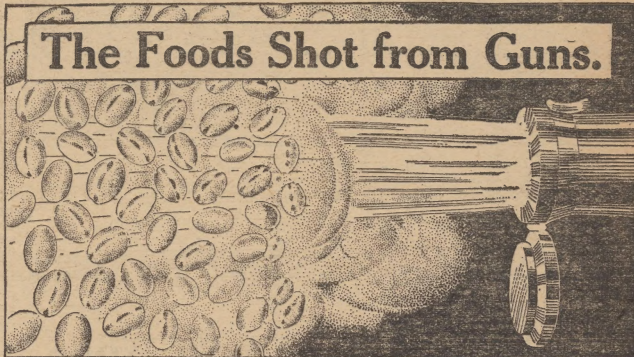
"There was a Boer girl there—a mighty pretty girl, too, with lots of hair and the bluest eyes you ever saw. . . ."

Sonia—"the bluest eyes you ever saw"—Sonia's eyes were blue. . . .

His attention wandered again. When next he found himself listening one of the men opposite was addressing him. . . .

"By the way, Chatterton—there was an old buffer at Waterloo looking for you. Did you see him? Came up to me in a great state of mind—streaming with perspiration and very angry with everybody. Threatened to write to the railway company about the disgraceful manage-

(Continued on page 11.)



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Miss Pegler



Miss Blatch leaving the court.



Dr. Bates.

Miss Blatch, the landlady at Bismarck road, again gave evidence when the "dead brides" case was resumed at Bow-street Police Court yesterday, while Dr. Stephen Henry Bates, of Archway-road, Highgate, also went into the witness-box. Miss Peg-

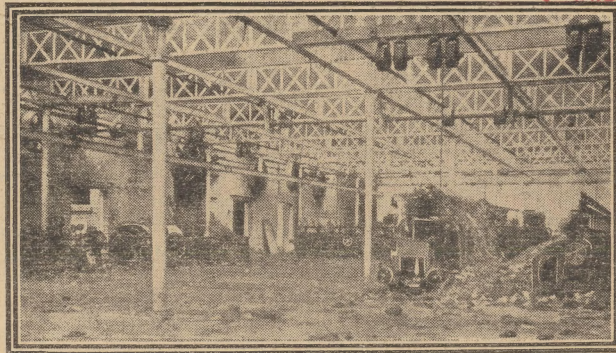
ler, it will be remembered, was described by counsel as the woman to whom Smith always returned. The picture was taken at her home in Bristol a few days ago. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

ALONG THE BANKS OF THE NILE.



An advance guard on the banks of the Nile. The Turks' attempted invasion of Egypt was a hopeless failure, and they are not likely to try and repeat the experiment. There is plenty of work for their soldiers nearer home.

HOW THE HUNS STEAL MATERIAL.



All the factories in Belgium have been stripped of everything that could be of the slightest use. The picture shows a deserted building at Antwerp, from which even the leather belts have been removed and sent back to Germany.

Horatio Bottomley,

Editor of "John Bull,"

on
"Easter 1915."

Arnold White,

The Famous Publicist,

on
"The Kaiser as a Naval Spy."

W. L. George,

Author of "The Making of an Englishman."

on
"Will We Be More Serious?"

Austin Harrison,

Editor of the "English Review,"

on
"The Truth About British Prisoners in Germany."

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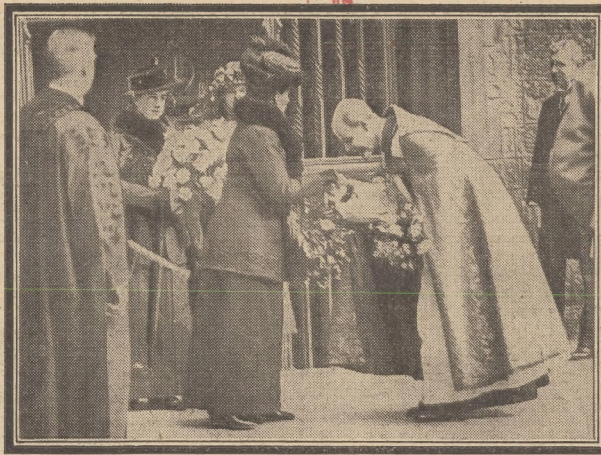
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THE KING'S MAUNDY GIFTS: QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE ABBEY.



The distribution of his Majesty's Maundy gifts to the aged and deserving took place yesterday, when men and women to the number of years in the King's age shared in the distribution. The large picture shows Queen Alexandra arriving for the special

service which was held at Westminster Abbey. The small ones show a handful of Maundy money, and Mr. and Mrs. Maunder, two of the recipients of the royal gifts. The former has reached the great age of ninety-two.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

STRAY AS MASCOT.



Airedale terrier, which is to be the mascot of Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, leaving for the front. He was found starving.

"LA BELLE DISON."



Marie Louise Welsch, better known as "La Belle Dison," the music-hall singer, who has been arrested on a charge of espionage.

A LEGLESS FRENCH HERO.



M. Jean Caulolle, who fought at Altkirch, Mulhouse, Namur and Charleroi, escaping without injury. He was afterwards wounded in the Champagne district.

GOT UNIFORMS.



London's girl messengers have now got their uniforms, in which they look very smart. They wear the new full skirts.

POSTMAN J.P.



Mr. J. O. Smith, of Bulkington (near Nuneaton), who is Chairman of the District Council and a J.P. for Warwickshire.

THEY WOULD LIKE MORE.



German munition makers lined up to receive their daily ration. Each man brings a bowl which does not look as though it held much. Gott strafe England!

MAYOR WELCOMES TROOPS.



Councillor D. Richardson, Mayor of South Shields, welcomes the 7th Battalion Durham Light Infantry, who marched from Gateshead.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)